

RUTGERS LITERARY MISCELLANY.

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Original.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The subject of international copyright, has for some time been agitated by the public press. It is one which should claim our discriminating and unbiassed attention, and ought not to be entirely settled, until every glimpse of evidence on either side has been carefully weighed. The visit of the celebrated Charles Dickens, and his reference to it, during his addresses, both in Boston and New York, have only fanned the flame, and called forth many able writers into the arena of controversy.

It has been often remarked, and with much semblance of truth, that the publishers of this country do not enquire whether the books they reprint, are ably written, or whether what they instil are sentiments worthy of this free thinking American people. If they have in any way received the approval of the British critics, or of the proprietors of British periodicals, they know they will sell, and render them more profit than domestic copyright works, the writers of which have not passed the trial of foreign criticism.

Yet it is not the publishers alone who are culpable. Our readers and authors have also much to correct and improve. The former ought not to make a trans-atlantic and corrupt taste their standard of excellence; and the latter should not slavishly glide in the pathway of foreign writers, or mistake eccentricity for originality, sarcasm for satire, and ostentation for knowledge. Let each one labor to form his style on correct and classic models, and seek rather to deserve imitation, than to imitate.

Whenever publishers know that it is their interest, to give an equal chance to American productions, they will require no farther inducement to print the works of this country. We do not demur to own this, and we cannot see that it rests on them particularly to become the benefactors of our literature. As for the readers, they are ever studious of change, and gratified with novelty. And in respect to authors, whose fame is fully established, no complaint can be made of a lack of liberality, on the part of publishers or readers; and if some ways were adopted to stay the call in the literary market from being furnished with inferior British productions, an opportunity would at least be given for our own.

The most frequent error of our writers is, that they send their works to the press without having sufficiently revised and corrected them. Hardly a book comes from the press that does not carry with it palpable indications of haste. A slovenly and impure style, inelegant and inexpressive words, inexplicable and disordered sentences, will often be discovered in some pages of a work, the rest of which is proof that the author is capable of better things, and that the faults of which we have been writing are not to

be charged to his ignorance of the principles of taste. And so it often is that the more correctly written, though less entertaining, and far less instructive works, constantly flooding the British press, are widely distributed; while the American production may die unnoticed and unknown.

There is one thing, however, in which America differs from Great Britain, and to which may be somewhat referred the imperfection of many works; while it has prevented many capable of authorship from endeavoring to increase their fame, by productions of a more aspiring character, than those with which they enrich the pages of magazines and newspapers. The numerous avenues to wealth and professional distinction, and the almost absolute certainty which exists of reaching the summit of their ambition in either, by sufficient industry and application, deter many of good talents from attempting to walk in the troublesome and thorny paths to literary fame. Accordingly, the number of those who do venture, is so small; and the fact of being recognized as an author, or even as a contributor to our magazines, appears to fill up the desires of a majority of our writers. This is especially the case with our poets. The fugitive pieces of many of them are obtained with eagerness, and perused with delight. And yet how very few of them have attempted a poem of any length; and of those who have made the trial, how few have bestowed sufficient labor on their tasks to give them even a chance for immortality. Genius may atone for many inaccuracies; it may even somewhat palliate false or mischievous sentiments; but nothing will be regarded by the public a sufficient apology for the presumption of asking it to praise an unfinished and imperfect work.

The public is indeed lenient, and it is right it should be so. The critics should follow its example; but criticisms, no matter from how high a source they emanate, in this country as well as in Great Britain, are so much regulated by interest or favoritism, that they are no more to be relied upon in forming our judgment of works of this nature.—The reviews avow their politics, and the bent of their interested editors is often very apparent. Injudicious praise, although it may increase the sale of the books, is evidently of no advantage to the authors, as it tends to confirm them in their errors and carelessness, instead of stimulating them to more vigorous efforts in pruning the luxuriances, and unrooting the common places, and substituting matter more acceptable to the public, and more worthy of the authors. On the other hand, injudicious criticism leads them to test their productions solely by their unassisted judgment, without comparing them with works that have received the approbation of more than one age.

An inexperienced writer, whose first effort indicates genius and talent, should not at once be condemned, even for the errors which we have often mentioned. The blemishes should be kindly and soberly remarked by our literary censors, and on the part of the writer's, each succeeding work should be an improvement on the last. The opposite of this, it must be conceded, is too often the fact, and will continue to be so until our authors become more ambitious of posthumous than contemporary fame. To seek for the latter, is to seek to please the prejudices and fancies of men: to aim for the former, is to seek to satisfy their judgments; and although many authors have not been rewarded during their life time, yet they have been honored with the approving smile of some who were superior to prejudice, and whose approval conveyed a more real satisfaction than the acclamations of the whole band of literary pedants could give.

CLAVIUS.

Original.

THE YOUTHFUL DEAD.

Boast not of thy victory, Death!

It is but as the clouds o'er the sunbeam's power—

It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and flower,

That slumber, the snow beneath. *Mrs. Hemans.*

THERE is a melancholy connected with the fate of the early dead. And this melancholy is often pleasing: it does not always fill the mind with gloomy apprehensions,—it often animates us with new vigor and activity. Yea, when fond retrospection recalls the form of some dear friend, who was plodding the same weary course as we, but who was hurried away by death, ere yet manhood had strengthened his intellect, and ripened his powers, we are often urged to renewed alacrity in the performance of duty, before the night of death shall come upon us, when we can work no more.

Though the fate of the early dead might have been melancholy, yet it were not unhappy. They had not as yet encountered all the ills of life; they had not as yet been obliged to grapple with adversity;—perhaps their morn was serene, but they were hastened away, like the frail flower cut down by some untimely stroke, before the roughest winds of summer had visited it. Nevertheless, it were sweet perhaps for them to die—sweet for them to breathe their soul away, ere care had blanched their brow—ere they had mingled with the heartless world, replete with all that can sicken and disgust an immortal nature. The world had charms, but young as they were, they had learned the emptiness and evanescence of those fascinations. They had learned in their brief existence that pleasure leaves but a void behind, and its exhilarating though short-lived influence only creates a burning desire for more. They had viewed the mad pursuit after happiness, till, like some unearthly phantom, it vanished, smiling grimly at the disappointment of its pursuer. And what were fame and glory—those brilliant meteors which gleam but to lead astray,—what were the splendor of renown, the unsolicited homage to genius, compared with the unclouded happiness of eternity? Could they but die as dies the evening zephyr, calmly and gently, and their home be the bosom of God, it were the full consummation of their wishes. O! ye who have seen the form of youth and beauty fading under the withering hand of consumption—who have marked the hectic flush mournfully contrasting with the marble whiteness of the brow, and have seen the sufferer gradually wasting away, till the material part seemed almost to be spiritualized, say is it not sweet thus to die? Yet it were mournful—mournful to see the rose blasted in its bud, ere yet it had shed its fragrance around. Talent, genius, and energy might have been soon developed. Among the youthful dead, there might have been one whose tongue was touched with hallowed fire, who breathed the sweetest songs of poesy, and one whose worth was enriched by all the virtues that can ennoble man. There might have been a fond one, on whom many had lavished their tenderness with all the devotedness of affection, and who was united by the dearest ties. The brightest hopes might have been realized; a world might have bowed before the might of intellect, or thrilled at the harmony of song. But death came and grasped his prey before fancy had ceased her fairy work.

We linger around the graves of the youthful dead, and dim shadows rise up from the twilight recollection of the past. Perhaps the sun is just sinking to rest, and as the last parting beam gilds the green turf covering the mortal remains of some youthful one of hallowed memory, a calm and holy feeling pervades the mind. Daylight's mellowed beam flickers in the shades of evening, so fade the brightest scenes of earth; but morn shall arise on the night of the tomb; and the dead shall slumber in hope. The infidel may deride, the worldling may sneer, but let them visit the grave of some youthful friend whom death has cut down in manhood's pride, in beauty's prime, when ever busy hope painted scenes which even to the eye of reason seemed not visionary, and they must be wretches indeed if their bosoms do not thrill with emotions to which they were strangers before—if they do not feel an awe for that religion which they despise. They may speculate and philosophise, they may linger around the graves of the aged, and soothe themselves with the reflection, repugnant to revelation as it is, that their death is but the natural decay of the body, but when they see the young and beautiful die, we defy their stoical firmness to resist the impulse of nature—the inward consciousness of a sovereign power.

Z.

Original.

A D R E A M.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDNER.

I.

I looked, and saw the wave of time,
Fast rushing on with sound sublime,
Along the dark brown shore;
I saw it rise, beheld it break,
And felt the earth's strong pillars shake,
Beneath its awful roar.

II.

Thousands and millions waited round,
While song and prayer a mingled sound
Upon the breeze was heard;
Transfixed I gazed, the tide rolled high,
The foaming billows kissed the sky,
And each the current feared.

III.

Age, youth, and beauty mingling meet,
Where white waves curled around their feet;
Was it the grey, the old,
Who first their mighty power confessed,
As on their chilled and aching breast,
They felt the waters cold?

IV.

Ah! no—'twas beauty's softened eye,
That closed its bright and brilliant dye,
It was the joyous heart.
Why sullen wave select the fair
With sylph like form and raven hair?
Why call her to depart?

V.

Why leave her not, whose beams from far,
Came like the light of evening's star,
And take the man of years?
Again the startling answer came,
"I heed not age, nor sex, nor name,
Nor sighs, nor flowing tears."

VI.

"It is my mission as I roll
To clasp within my arms a soul,
And bear it from the strand.
Each one who lines this whitened shore,
Shall sink beneath my ceaseless roar."
Then in its arms my form it bore,
Toward the 'spirit land.'

Sag Harbor, L. I., April, 1842.

Original.

IDLENESS A VICE.

"**IDLENESS** the mother of all the vices," was the inscription which the Duke of Orleans placed upon the tomb of his wife, and though a seeming inhumanity is exhibited by its author, in connecting his unrelenting hostility to the vice, even with the remains of her whose life and conduct had forced upon him the sentiment expressed by the epitaph; still it must be admitted, had her conduct been the reverse, and had he inscribed the converse of the proposition, no one would have questioned either its propriety or its truth.

"**Perseverance conquers,**" contains a sentiment so consolatory to all classes, that few are inclined closely to scrutinise it; at least, so as to show that the truth it expresses may be embraced, only as a palliative to the conscience for a neglect of the labor requisite to prove its validity. Did it afford consolation to the laborious or diligent alone, to those whose efforts coincide with their desires, it would have the merit at least of being a harmless proposition; but whoever has observed, must have perceived it equally consolatory to him buried in sloth, and whose only prospects of eminence are seen in the luring phantasies of his own disordered imagination. He must have observed this class, allaying the morbid sensitiveness consequent upon continued indolence by the reflection, that when they shall arise to effort, the world has pronounced conquest certain. We would not invalidate this apothegm, but would that it were impressed that its results are effected not by continued labor alone, but by an early commencement. There is perhaps no character, which the student has so much difficulty in perceiving the appositeness of, as that of the Idler, when applied to himself. However conscious he may be of inactivity—however clearly the fact may force itself upon his mind that obscurity and inaction form the striking features in his history, still he detests the character of an Idler, and in his efforts to evade its application, embraces a fallacy he would not attempt to palm upon an idiot.

We are told by those whose opportunities for information have been good, and whose authority is unquestionable, that only about one in four of all who graduate, ever attain distinction. Whence this vast failure? Certainly none will pronounce only such, a minority of all who have, or are graduating in possession of talents. But granting what is undoubtedly true, that a majority of those lost in obscurity possessed talents sufficient, if duly improved, to have given them position in the world, and then ask if a milder epithet than vice can be given to a course of conduct so deplorable in its results, that it buries armies of living men. Neither is the objection valid, that other vices than idleness have obscured the many whose prospects for eminence once were fair. Those other vices which have acted as subsidiaries in the downward road, were not contracted in hours of study, but when idleness with all her torpid power was upon them.

That some men possess native power superior to others, is unquestioned. Still, the reader of biography and the observer of human character need not be informed, that the positions certain men have held, the almost uncontrolled influence they have exerted, were more the result of acquired than native power. And this is especially verified in the history of literary men. A combination of adventitious events may place the mil-

tary man upon fame's proud pinnacle. A Buonaparte may have a Robespierre for a predecessor, and the imagination of a gay and Godless people upon which to act, but for the literary man no such subsidiaries can ever combine. His every advance must be confirmatory of the sentiment laid down by Johnson—"The secret of intellectual dominion consists in continued and laborious exercise."

O. D.

Original.

STRAY LEAF FROM A TRAVELLER'S JOURNAL.

LA BELLE FRANCE.

We left London on Tuesday morning, May 16th, in a steamer for Boulogne *sur mer*. The sail down the Thames was full of variety and interest. The retiring domes and spires of modern Babylon, the vast and massive docks, especially of the East and West India trades, and the wilderness of shipping which seemed to present a boundless vista on both sides of the river, the magnificent Royal Hospital of Greenwich, (in which more than two thousand old and disabled seamen live like retired admirals,) the Royal Dock and Arsenal of Woolwich, and as we receded farther from the city, the beautiful villages, embowered in orchards and forests, with the neat and modest church spires peering above the rest of the scene, and the occasional seats and parks of the nobility, as we glided rapidly through them all, gave something like a panoramic variety to the excursion. Still, though the Thames presents at every glance these wonderful monuments of British art and wealth, it is far inferior, in point of natural interest, to the shores of the lordly Hudson. You look in vain for any thing like the wild and romantic promontory of Weehawken, the stupendous crags of the Highlands, the undulating declivities of Sing Sing and the shores of the Tappan Sea, or the remote and dusky outline of the Catskill Mountains. Our romance, however, was soon sadly dashed by the deadliest foe to all sensations of that sort—for as we passed Margate, which lies at the mouth of the river, about forty-five miles from London, and passed from the smooth surface of the river to the short and fitful billows of the Channel, the vessel soon presented on all sides, the effects of the stomach-disturbing element. Our party, one after another, were prostrated by it. Did Homer include the distressing sensations of sea-sickness in his standing description of the *sorrows of a sea voyage?*—

'Ερει, δε προτίμω πλεομένι, ἀκμηγμένοι ἡτορ.

Whether he did or not, we leave it for Clarke and Heyne to settle—but the epithet is not inapplicable, as all who have felt the universal *revertement* of mind and body which attends it, can testify.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the high, precipitous, and chalky coast of France was in sight, and about seven we landed at Boulogne. The coast is extremely naked and bleak, and derives its principal interest from an extensive and elevated level, forming a kind of natural esplanade on which Napoleon held a rendezvous of his vast army, preparatory to his contemplated invasion of England. On this spot stands a lofty column, which is visible to a great distance. Napoleon began the erection of it, to commemorate the assemblage of his forces on the spot. The Bourbons, however, found the column unfinished, and completed it as a monument of the restoration of their dynasty!

Such are the vicissitudes of ambition! Bologne is principally remarkable for having been built in the time of Julius Cæsar, by his lieutenant Pedias, at the command of the conqueror of Gaul, as a strong outpost to secure his western conquests on the continent and to serve as a point whence to act upon Britain. It is known in Ancient Geography as "Gessoriacum," and under Constantine was called Bononia, whence its present name. It is built on the river Leane, and contains about thirty thousand inhabitants.—Neither the town itself nor its environs possess any remarkable attractions. But from its contiguity to England, and the reputation it has of being remarkably healthy, it is a common resort of English invalids and ennuyees. Such has been our first glimpse of *La belle France*.

Original.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF CRITICISM.

Some authors have an instinctive dread, that their productions should undergo the ordeal of criticism. And these too, have often been authors of acknowledged talent, whose promulgated opinions would have done honor to the most enlightened age, and whose learning had ensured respect and deference. Criticism appears to them an unmeaning abuse, and the critic a licensed vituperator, swayed only by private animosity, prejudice, and sectional feeling, and disregarding the rules of his profession, the merit of the author, or the intrinsic importance of the subject discussed. But perhaps this dread arises more from the perversion of criticism; for, if those authors have thus rightly depicted the character of the criticism of their age, it must have sadly degenerated.

None but the empiric will shrink from true criticism. Genius courts its purifying influence, and modesty bows with deference. If genius has faults, it corrects them; if it has beauties, it points them out and proclaims them to the world. Equally avoiding jealousy and prejudice, it applies its rules with candor and impartiality. It does not dwell with malevolence on deformity; it only kindly reprobates, and rather strives to exhibit modest merit, in a bold and more striking light. It purges corrupt and spurious taste, and designates a true standard. Under its reign talent is encouraged, the works of genius are rescued from oblivion; the tone of public sentiment is elevated, and virtue decked in her most fascinating garb. Oftentimes it is modest and retiring, then again it speaks in a bolder tone, and often vice and licentiousness call forth its severest rebukes. The pedant may well shrink from its scrutiny, for its eagle eye would soon pierce his disguise, and expose him to ridicule and contempt. In this way it becomes the purger of literature, rejecting all that is undeserving, and regulating and directing the public taste. He who exercises true criticism, exercises a delicate though powerful prerogative. He may foster genius, or he may suffer it to die from neglect. He may obstruct the progress of literary empiricism, or he may permit useless and pernicious productions to flood our land. He may blast vice in its bud, or he may suffer it to grow, until it defies his efforts. In a word, he may be a blessing or a curse to mankind.

But important as criticism is, it has been sadly perverted, and at the present day has rather degenerated. Its objects seem almost wholly disregarded, and in many instances it has become only a channel for prejudice or sectional feeling to convey their abuse,

or for the sycophant to lavish his heartless flatteries. There have been times, when through the corrupt standards of taste, the productions of genius have reposed in oblivion, until the justice of succeeding generations have set them in their true light. But in this enlightened age, taste has become so refined, and its standards so well marked out, that it were palpable injustice to slight works of merit. And yet how many are neglected, or are passed over with a smile of sarcasm. While we seek with avidity foreign literature, some production of youthful energy is left to die in forgetfulness, and its author discouraged from farther efforts, retires to the humbler walks of life, 'to fortune and to fame unknown.'

The objects of criticism seem not generally to be appreciated, and this perhaps will partly account for its abuse. Comparatively few are suitable for critics. The critic must possess a peculiar taste, to fill his important station with honor to himself and benefit to mankind. Its two characters—delicacy and correctness—must be somewhat united; he should study its true models, and be himself an experienced writer. He should judge with candor, and praise or condemn with due deliberation. He should undertake his task, divested of every prejudice, entertaining no ill will against the author, conscious at the same time that he is assuming a highly important prerogative, and is responsible to the world for his judgment. Neither should he fix his standard too high, nor expect that all productions should conform in every particular to it. He must always make due allowance for faults, knowing how liable man is to err. But unfortunately, critics like these are rarely to be found, and they seem at the present day more intent upon selfish ends. It is obvious that criticism in the hands of unprincipled men may be an instrument of much evil. And experience has amply demonstrated this.—Instead of criticising with candor and justice, and with due reference to the rules of criticism, men have in many instances paid but little or no attention to these considerations. Their objects have seemed only to be personal aggrandizement, and the gratification of personal malice.

But it were superfluous perhaps to dwell on the abuse of criticism; every observer must have marked its deterioration. We will conclude this article by alluding to the practice of 'puffing,' which seems to be pretty generally in vogue. This every friend of literature must condemn. Mere praise, without a thorough examination of the object commended, is wholly undesirable, and is a credit to no man. And what shall we say of that fawning flattery which is lavished upon productions, with the sole purpose of gaining the favor of the writer, or of subserving sectional and party interests? It may be deleterious to society, and indeed often is; for works advocating the most abominable sentiments, under the sanction of a critic, may be eagerly sought after by the public, and the poison may be infused, when it is too late to remedy the evil. Critics direct the public taste, and if they become corrupt, it is unreasonable to suppose the mind of the nation to be pure. But supposing a writer had no evil intentions in view, when he prepared his work, if his productions did not conform to the standard of taste, inordinate praise would be injurious in other points of view. In the first place it would vitiate taste itself, by degrading its standard, and afford encouragement for other loose writers to flood the country with publications which can confer no real benefit upon mankind.—To this, among other causes, may be traced the prevalence of light and frivolous literature in our land, and the taste for such. Again—this wholesale puffing may render the

writer arrogant, and inflated with an idea of his own importance, and may induce him to publish other works which have still less claim to merit. Deliberate commendation, when productions, upon careful examination and subjection to the rules of criticism are found to deserve it, is just and right; but random praise, merely upon a superficial review, or regarding selfish motives, cannot be too severely reprobated; and we hope all the lovers of a pure and benignant literature, will use their influence to oppose its progress, and elevate criticism to its true rank; so that our writers may undergo a scrutiny, of the impartiality of which they never can complain.

X.

Original.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

A SKETCH.

The shades of evening were beginning to creep darkly over the surrounding objects, ere Martin Werner laid down his brushes and palette. His easel was placed so as to catch every ray of light, from the solitary window, that illumined the room in which he sat. He had been working all the day to finish his picture, and it was with a heavy sigh that he now desisted. But the sigh was not one of despair, for his nature was sanguine, and there was a buoyancy in his soul, that had never deserted him. This might have resulted from the consciousness of a genius that must, either at the present or a future time, find its reward in the applause of thousands; or it might be, only the light-heartedness of youth and health. But, certainly, to look at himself and his abode, most persons would have said that Martin Werner had great cause for melancholy. The apartment was large and cold, but he consoled himself by saying, that he could not complain of having no room to work in; and though the window would not open to admit air, as well as the yellowish light by which the painter worked, yet draughts poured in from every direction, which, he said, kept up a constant circulation of fresh air. No fire cast a cheering glow over the desolate region, and the corner opposite to the empty grate, was occupied by a lowly bed, beside which stood a large chest, containing the painter's wardrobe. Martin Werner had laid aside his colors, and was carefully searching for something that lay at the bottom of his chest. At length, he dragged forth the object, and proceeding to the window, examined its contents. It was a leather purse, and from it he drew—carefully wrapped in paper, to preserve its lustre—a shining coin. In a happier day, he had been attracted by its brightness, and had determined never to part with it. But now the hand of stern necessity was held forth; he had tasted no food all day. He gazed upon it, and, for a moment, a tear dimmed his eye; for it distinctly recalled his mother, and her distant home; his brothers, tossed on the fickle and deceitful waves; and his sisters, even now, perhaps, thinking how their brother's pictures would be admired and gazed at in the great city. The whole course of his life passed, as in a dream, before him. Again he was in the cottage home, which had sheltered his infancy:—again he heard the shouts of the happy urchins, who had been his playmates:—again he wandered from them, and stood alone with nature—the blue vault above, and the lovely earth beneath; he heard the gurgling of a thousand stream-

lets—the roar of the distant ocean—the songs of the wild birds—and high overhead, the lark, to him the sweetest songster of them all, sending forth its notes, distant and clear, while the straining eye could scarcely perceive the motion of its fluttering wings. All the haunts of his boyhood passed, like the scene of a magic lantern, before him: and with them, the train of happy associations, that were connected with each individual spot.

‘I cannot part with it,’ he said, unconsciously aloud; ‘surely such a dream of happiness is worth starving for. Besides, my picture will be finished to-morrow, and I can wait.’

With this heroic resolution, he replaced his treasure; and folding his arms, he stood at the window, whistling one of the plaintive little airs of his country. Group on group of chimneys, of all shapes and sizes, formed the most prominent feature in the landscape before him; and houses, with flat and steep roofs, a strange heterogeneous mass of buildings, through which the eye in vain wandered for some pleasing object on which to rest. Among them, however, our artist’s imagination found room to work. Lofty domes and stately palaces arose, at the wave of the creative wand of his fancy—forms of beauty and loveliness, wandering amid gardens of luxury and delight, while angel messengers bore peace and happiness, to their solitude. From these visions of bliss, he turned to the destruction of worlds and empires, and the awful depths of the infernal regions—the gigantic billows overhanging the shuddering group of devoted wretches collected on a rock, during the great deluge, or the conflagration of majestic cities, doomed by the will of heaven to destruction.

Again his dreams were painfully interrupted by the pangs of hunger; and thinking that sleep might lull him into insensibility, he stretched himself on his bed. But sleep came not; and after tossing about for some time, he started up and sought, thro’ several streets, the shop of a baker. One he at last espied, and hastily entered. The shopkeeper cast a suspicious eye upon his customer; for his clothes were not so new as they had been, and were, besides, covered with many spots, and patches of paint, which did not, by any means, add to the gentility of his appearance. Our artist demanded a loaf, in payment whereof he laid down his last bright coin. The baker took it, scrutinized it—turned it over and over—then dashed it violently against the board, and declared it a counterfeit.

‘A counterfeit!’ exclaimed the painter, dismally. Fearing however that his tone and look might betray his circumstances, he added carelessly, at the same time laying down the coveted loaf, ‘well, its of no consequence, I dont happen to have another with me now; good night, sir.’

Affecting an independent swagger, he left the shop, and hastened down the street; but, had he looked back, he would have seen the sharp face of the baker peering after him, as he muttered to himself—‘You dont happen to have any more with you now, sir. Ay, ay, you’re a pretty scamp, I warrant you; and I shall look twice at your money, if you ever come to my shop again.’

Martin Werner hastened home. Till that hour, he had not known absolute want, and even his buoyant spirits threatened to desert him at the approach of grim penury. Once more he ransacked his chest, for in one corner, he remembered to have seen a crust. He found it; mouldy, it was true, and covered with dust; but he shook that off,

and ate it with a keen relish ; then got into bed, and slept more soundly than he who had supped upon all the delicacies that wealth can procure.

The morning sun was shining brightly upon him, through the window, when he awoke. He leaped from his bed, exclaiming, as he hastily dressed himself, 'The crisis of my adversity is past ! I have climbed its steep hill, and shall now descend to the fair, sunny vale, on the other side. The sun shines gaily on my morning's work ; I will take it for an omen—a prognostic of brighter days to come.'

Under these favorable auspices he finished his picture. It was sold, not certainly for its full value as a work of art, but for more than the young and unknown artist had ventured to hope. Success *did* follow. Each succeeding production of his genius brought fresh fame and profit to the painter ; and in after years, when he had become the favored of kings and princes, when his pictures were admired by nations, and purchased by governments, he thought, with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain, of the mouldy crust which he had so contentedly eaten, in his lonely and desolate garret. B. H.

Original.

PRUDENCE.

THE occupations of men are diversified in their nature, as well as in their influence upon human happiness. Their prosecution is materially affected by individual peculiarities of character and the predominant bias of the mind. Much also, frequently, depends upon the circumstances which surround them, which, by their operation, sensibly affect their feelings and determinations. Events comparatively insignificant, have often called forth the exertions of individual minds, who rising into notice by the force of circumstances, have exerted a controlling influence upon the age in which they lived.—Again, we find individuals endowed with gifts and qualities, honourable and ennobling to human character, drawn aside by trivial occurrences from the path of rectitude, and becoming the willing victims of inordinate ambition, deadly passions and vicious indulgence. Hence in viewing the events that so often influence the occupations, as well as destinies of men, we are naturally led to consider, whether some conservative principle may not exist to regulate their conduct, and lessen the evils incident to their condition. These, influencing, as they do, the prospects, hopes and fears of multitudes, are often the result of their own folly and indiscretion. How necessary and beneficial, then, appears to be the exercise of *Prudence*, in the regulation of human conduct, and the different pursuits and occupations of life. This is a principle which, animating the motives and actions of men, will promote their interest and happiness, enable them to be prepared for all the contingencies of life, and to avoid numberless errors and calamities. Thus we see, that when any individual sustains some personal injury, the loss of wealth, power or influence in society, how eagerly the multitude ascribe his misfortunes to his own imprudence. They all regard prudence as an important quality of character, and earnestly commend the exercise of it to others in their respective vocations. But, whilst they appear careful for the prosperity of those whom they advise, how often do they evince their imprudence in the management of their own affairs. By

this means, they frequently diminish their own happiness, and subject themselves to repeated vexation and disappointment. How many calamities might be shunned and causes of grief repressed, by a wise calculation with reference to the probable events of life. What endless antipathies might be appeased, and how essentially might the asperities of political strife be mitigated, by a spirit of prudence and conciliation. How many discords, embittering the peace and contentment of the domestic circle, might be *forever* put to rest by prudent counsels and considerate action. How many ruptures of the harmony of national intercourse, might be prevented by the exercise of vigilant foresight, and sagacity in the development and prosecution of public measures. How many enterprises of a vague and impracticable nature, involving the lives and interests of millions, might be checked at their commencement, should this principle exert its appropriate influence upon the human mind. What alienations of friends might be hindered,—what dissensions among communities might be healed,—what failures of public and private credit might be prevented,—what individual and national calamities might be escaped,—what happiness and prosperity attained; if the consequences of actions, enterprises and public measures, were more carefully considered and thoroughly traced, prior to their execution. It is in this attentive regard to future results, and the disposition to make every suitable provision for all probable contingencies that may hereafter occur, together with the exercise of sagacity in discerning and selecting means to secure some valuable purpose, that the essential qualities of prudence consist. It embraces the practical knowledge of whatever is necessary for the suitable discharge of the duties incident to the station, occupation, or measure in regard to which it is exercised. It tends to promote vigilance in conduct, discrimination in judgment, and the dissipation of fantastic and impracticable schemes for advancing the welfare of society. Applicable to all conditions, it impels men to regard consequences, in their efforts for the attainment of some desired good, as well as in their attempts to avert some threatening calamity. Should an occasion for open and decided action arrive, it induces men to deliberate carefully upon their course of conduct, and to prepare themselves for every anticipated emergency. Hence we discover, that the prudent man is remarkably cautious, and disposed to the exercise of mature deliberation in all his affairs. He is careful not to meddle with those things that do not concern himself, his relative duties, or pertain to his happiness. He is watchful in view of the insincerity, treachery and deceit which prevail among men, and which produce a blighting influence upon whatever is lovely and desirable in human society. He is not hasty and indiscreet in the formation of friendships, nor does he place confidence in others, till he ascertains they are deserving of it. Aspiciously guarding against the temptations and allurements which have drawn so many aside from the path of honor, duty and safety, he takes warning from the errors and misfortunes into which others have fallen by their imprudence. He searches for knowledge upon every subject that relates to his vocation, duty and happiness, and strives to render all his acquisitions subservient to the completion of some useful design. If blessed with high attainments in literature and science, and superior acquirements, he does not proclaim his learning to the world for the paltry design of gaining commendation, or listening to the deluding voice of flattery. But when circumstances require, when the welfare of society demands his counsel, his presence and his efforts in its behalf, he does not conceal his talents, or withhold the weight of his influence. Then he brings forth the

treasures of observation and experience, to benefit others by his lessons acquired under the direction of prudence and sound discrimination. His genius shines forth in native splendor, diffusing upon all around, that which may administer to their comfort and happiness. His object is not to excite the admiration of others; not to court popular favor and applause; but to subserve the design of his being—the glory of God, and the welfare of mankind.

Whilst such is the conduct of the prudent man, how many pursue an opposite course of action. Some possessed of wealth and all the means of gratifying their desires, unmindful of their obligations and destiny, live as if they were but little superior to the brute creation. Others with active minds, excited by ardent desires for preferment and superiority, will resort to base and ignoble means for the attainment of power and influence in society. Many will toil by the midnight lamp, and through incessant study and anxiety for literary distinction, prepare themselves for an untimely grave. Others with unceasing exertion will strive to win their way to the summit of military glory, there to occupy a conspicuous station, and boast of their elevation above their fellow men. And thus, in every occupation and class of society, we see individuals engaged in the pursuit of some favorite scheme, to the accomplishment of which they direct their most strenuous efforts and eager attention. Yet how often do they, through imprudence, fail in their plans, and become the victims of disappointment and misfortune. How frequently do they blast the brightest hopes and fairest prospects spread out before their view, urging them onward in pursuit of whatever is noble and praiseworthy, and gives dignity to human character. How many too, in the pursuit of happiness and pleasure, imprudently turning aside from the true path in which they are to be found, have entered upon a course of dissipation and vice, thereby procuring to themselves lasting misery, remorse and disgrace.

How often is this the case with persons in their youthful days. Their natural impetuosity of temper and buoyancy of spirit, render them peculiarly liable to acts of folly and indiscretion. Ardent in the pursuit of worldly pleasure and enjoyment, and unaccustomed to the trying scenes of life, as well as the unsatisfying delights it presents to the acceptance of all, every thing seems joyous and adapted to their wants and desires.—Hurried by levity and thoughtlessness into the commission of imprudent acts, the misimprovement of time and opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and the neglect of relative duties and obligations, they soon learn by bitter experience, the consequences of their folly and imprudence. The recollection of mis-spent time and disregarded duty, often tend to mar their happiness in future life. The season of improvement having passed never to return, they toil through life harassed by the reflection that they wilfully despised those means of instruction and improvement, which would have more efficiently qualified them to sustain honorable stations in society and become benefactors to mankind.

Notwithstanding the exercise of prudence will ever have an important bearing upon our temper and conduct, in every period and situation in life, and tend materially to promote our comfort and happiness, still, we should be mindful of the vicissitude of human affairs. Many unforeseen accidents and events, often pervert the most wisely-schemed plans of human prudence. May it be the aim of all, to lay up stores of useful knowledge whilst they have opportunity, and persevere in the pursuit and practice of every

thing that is pure, and lovely, and has a tendency to elevate and adorn human character. May all be reminded by the fate of those who have become the dupes of their imprudence and folly of the danger to which they themselves are constantly exposed.— May all moderate their expectations of earthly good, temporal power, unbounded wealth or intellectual distinction, lest they meet with those *bitter, irretrievable* disappointments, which such a vain and paltry course of conduct justly deserves. C.

Original.

TWILIGHT.

When modest twilight's mantle gray
Is thrown across the verdant lawn,
When evening takes the place of day
And sunset's brilliant hues are gone—
In that sweet hour, when all is calm,
When breathes the night-dew's fresh'ning balm—
When the last pale and lingering light
Is yielding to the gloom of night,
I love to seek the lonely spot
Where all-forgetting, all-forgot,—
Beneath the yew's mysterious shade,
In their lone house the dead are laid.
There fancy sheds no fitful ray—
No doubts distract, nor hopes betray,
No cares their quiet bosoms know,
Insensible to joy or woe.—
But shall they thus forever sleep,
"To dumb forgetfulness a prey"?
Shall yonder silence dark and deep,
Maintain forevermore its sway?
Ah no! ere long a glorious light
Shall penetrate yon rayless night;
Shall wake to life the countless throng
That line these gloomy vaults along,
And spread a fresh, immortal bloom
O'er the waste desert of the tomb!

A THANKFUL BEGGAR.

Sir Walter Scott meeting an Irish beggar, who importuned him for sixpence, the great unknown not having one, gave him a shilling, adding, with a laugh, 'Mind now, sir, you owe me a sixpence.' 'Och, sure enough,' said the beggar, 'and heaven grant you may live till I pay you.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE very favorable reception of the *Miscellany* by many of the friends of our institution, and the press generally, elicits our thanks, both for their gratification of our self-love, and their incentive to our exertion. Each successive number has been declared an improvement on the preceding one; and animated by the laudable desire of making our publication still more worthy of patronage, we shall withhold neither care nor labor for the furtherance of this chief design.

Yet—while many have cheerfully aided us in our literary enterprise, some of the Alumni, whom we expected would have been among the first to enter their names on our subscription list, have remained silent, up to this moment; and others have not sent their promised communications, thereby, seriously disarranging the means necessary for making any rapid improvement. Shall these hindrances still continue? Have not our Alumni a feeling of pride, in beholding the work connected with their Alma Mater ably and honorably sustained:—and will they keep back the smallest trifle from their abundance, when that trifle can accomplish all we desire?

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE BOSTON MISCELLANY. We feel that in noticing this monthly periodical, we are introducing the reader to an entirely unique work; one which will neither tire his patience, nor vitiate his taste. It is published by Bradbury, Soden & Co. at three dollars per annum, and edited by Nathan Hale, Jr. of Boston, a gentleman of fine literary taste, who, by his knowledge and talent, is fully qualified to appreciate and satisfy the sympathy, feeling and heart of the American people.

It is an exhibition of neatness, taste, and ability, both as respects its intellectual and mechanical execution; and claims among its contributors, our distinguished Minister at the Court of St. James, Edward Everett, whose interesting and ably-written articles on Greenough and Powers, our 'American Sculptors in Italy,' are sufficient of themselves to give character and permanence to the periodical. Greenough has rendered his fame immortal, by his statue of Washington, 'one of the greatest works of sculpture of modern times.' Powers is the self-taught sculptor of the *West*, and the maker of the faultless 'Ginevra.' We hope Mr. Everett will continue the subject, and delineate, in his masterly style, the distinctive peculiarities of Clavenger and Crawford, the former of whom is pursuing his profession at Florence, and the latter at Rome.

The next contributor we shall notice, is James Russell Lowell, of whom we cannot speak without some enthusiasm. He occupies a high rank among the American sons of poetry, and is unquestionably an original of the old school. His verse often reminds one of Spencer's 'Fairy Queen,' and yet, Lowell is not an imitator of Spenser, but a kindred mind. He combines ideality with true nobility and religious pathos. But we design more immediately to speak of his prose contributions to this work. The first article on 'The Old English Dramatists,' which appeared anonymous, in the April number, excited much interest in the public mind; and, as we read the stirring introduction, and caught the inspiration of thought, language, and poetic feeling, and followed the writer in his review of the Classical Chapman, and the Gothic Webster—imagi-

nation was on the wing, in search of the author, who so admirably combined the powers of description and harmony, with critical acumen. Nor did we wonder, when in the Miscellany for May, we saw the name of J. R. Lowell at the head of the second paper on the same subject. The former one was highly commended by the press, and we think the continuation equal, if not superior to the first; the same deep discrimination, delicacy of finish, and harmony of diction, which captivated us before, is manifested in this.

From these remarks it will be evident to all, that this work differs materially from 'The Ladies Book,' 'Ladies Companion,' 'Graham's Magazine,' and others, inasmuch as many of its pieces are of the above mentioned nature, while, at the same time, it has a sufficient number of lighter articles to constitute a pleasing variety. We are glad to see the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author of 'Twice Told Tales,' among the contributors. His writings are marked by simplicity, and a subdued pensiveness of thought, which is always delightful. We must not forget to mention Alexander H. Everett, respecting whose writings it is not necessary to speak, as most of our readers remember his eloquent address before our Literary Societies, in July 1838.

The introduction of translations from the German, is another good feature in the work although we do not admire 'The King's Bride' as much as many other incidents.

There are, generally, two beautifully finished engravings—a plate of the Fashions, and from two to three pages of music in each number. 'The Canary Bird,' 'The Third Sleighride,' an exquisite plate on steel—'The Bride,' and 'The Oaken Bucket'—are our favorites. In conclusion we remark, that it is a publication whic's we hope will long remain, as it now is, the pride of New England, and an honor both to the head and heart of her literati. It copies from no model, but confident in the feeling of innate worth, it gathers its robes of grace around it, and with a modesty which makes its beauty only the more conspicuous, claims the enlightened homage of a virtuous and truth-loving people.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our sincere acknowledgments are due to Mrs. R. S. Nichols, of Cincinnati, Ohio—the Poetess of the West, for her beautiful,—

'Tis in vain ye would banish!

It shall, if possible, grace our next number.

The favors of our esteemed correspondent Mrs. M. L. Gardiner, shall be duly published.

The 'Hymn of the Piedmontese Martyrs,' by Ariel, is received, with our thanks, and shall soon appear. Cannot our friend send us some prose articles?

'Gold,' is in type, but we were obliged to defer it for want of room.

'The Forest,' as the author must be aware, is nothing but labored prose; and he would, hereafter, thank us for not publishing it, *even if we were so disposed*. He writes too much, and altogether too hastily, without sufficient thought and correction.

Query for those who know. Have our friends at Albany, Newark, and New York, forgotten us?

NOTICE. Will the papers of this and New York State favor us, by publishing in their columns, the change in the time of holding Commencement, and also the name of our distinguished orator, which will be found on the cover.